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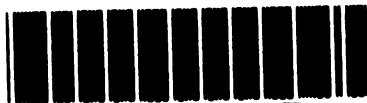
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GRANDMAMA'S
NURSERY
STORIES.



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GRANDMAMA'S
NURSERY STORIES.

E. G.

London:

WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.

1867.

250. e. 41.

TO YOU, MY DEAR CHILD,

AND TO YOUR CHILDREN,

I Dedicate this little Book.

THE AMUSEMENT IT MAY AFFORD TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

IS THE ONLY OBJECT I HAVE IN VIEW;

AND IF IN THIS I PROVE SUCCESSFUL, MY UTMOST WISHES WILL

BE GRATIFIED.

YOUR EVER AFFECTIONATE MOTHER,

E. G.

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GRANDMAMA'S NURSERY STORIES.

A TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse was one day caught in a trap. Mice are not useful in a house, but get into cupboards, and nibble the cheese and other good things. So, where a cat is not kept, people set traps with a piece of something good in them, to tempt the little creatures to enter; and when once in they cannot escape, and are generally killed. When, however, the cook on this morning saw the poor trembling wee thing peeping through the bars of its prison, she could not make up her mind to kill it. So she took it, trap and all, to her mistress. The lady also felt unwilling to have it killed, but thought she should like to try and tame it, and make of it a little pet. The poor mouse was very cold, and very much frightened at first, when taken out of the trap; but after the lady had warmed it in her

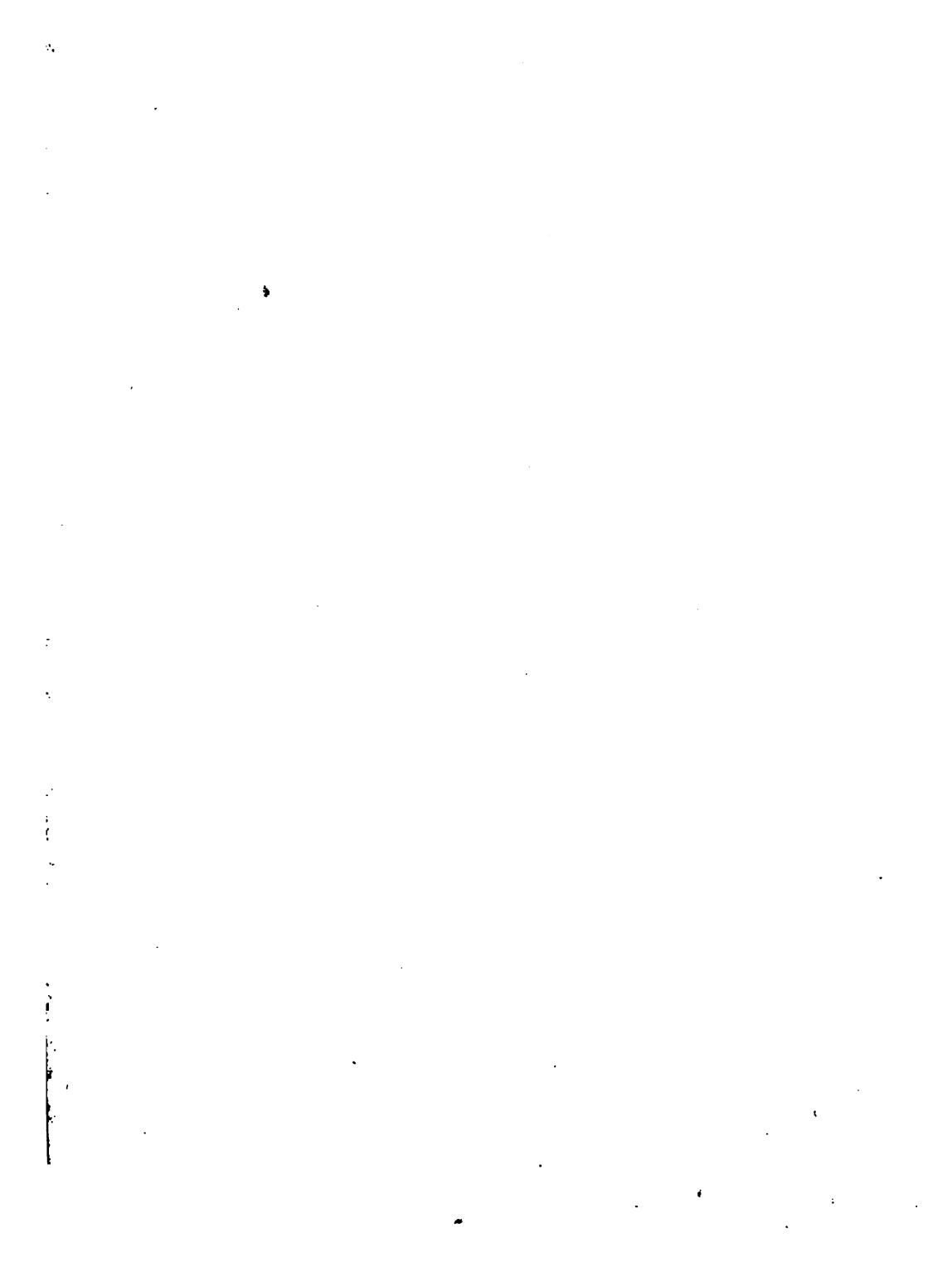
hand for some time, little mousey began to look happy, and to eat the sop of bread and milk offered to it. In a few days it got so bold, that it would sit upright on the breakfast-table, like a squirrel, eating crumbs of bread from its paws. But I suppose that bread and milk was not the right kind of food for a mouse to eat, for in a few days it died. Little children would be made very ill, and perhaps die too, if they had not kind parents and friends to give them proper food to eat. The kind lady was not a mouse, and therefore did not know what was best for a mouse to feed upon.

WINTER.

SEE, winter is come, with its frost and its snow ;
Only look at the beautiful sight ;
There is ice on the pond, and wherever you go
All is wrapped in a mantle of white.

See, the boys and the men, as they slide to and fro,
Or skate round and round in our sight ;
They don't care the least for their tumbles—O no!
But go on again, with delight.





And Christmas is here, with its joys and its fun,

Its turkeys and puddings so nice!

Don't you wish, little Mary, that every one

Could have of such good things a slice ?

Some poor little children, I fear not a few,

Have no kind papa and mama

To feed and take care of them, Mary, like you,

But both cold and hungry are.

We must try and find out where these little ones live,

And give them warm clothes and good food:

Where plenty is given, we freely should give,

And rejoice in the means to do good.

HARRY AND WILLY.

ONE summer evening, as Harry and Willy were playing about in a field joining their cottage garden, they heard a sound close to them like the chirping of little birds, and looking among the branches of a tree in the hedge, they saw a nest, with two or three little beaks sticking out of it, which kept opening and shutting, as if waiting for the food which, no doubt, the father

and mother birds were gone to seek. "How I should like to have that nest, with all the little ones!" said Harry; "and I will have it too, if I can get high enough into the tree to reach it." "Do you not know," answered Willy, "that it would be a very cruel thing to take away the poor little ones from the parent birds? What would our father and mother do, if some one was to come into our house and carry us off, while they were out at work? Don't you think they would grieve sadly, when they came back, to find us gone?" "Oh, but birds would not mind it," said Harry. "Oh, Harry, God made all creatures to love their young." "I tell you," said Harry angrily, "I am determined to take the nest, and if you will not lend me a hand to mount the tree, I can get at it without your help. You are a coward, and dare not venture." Willy saw that it was useless to say any more, as Harry would not listen to him; so he turned to go away; but was not out of the field, when he heard a loud scream, and looking round, he saw Harry lying on the grass. He ran back as quickly as he could, and found the poor boy in great pain, and quite unable to move. Some neighbours also had heard the scream, and came in haste to see what had happened. They carried him back to the cottage, and then it was found that his leg was broken. In trying to reach the nest, the branch of the tree upon which he stood gave way, and he fell

to the ground. It was many weeks before he could stir from his bed. Willy in the mean time was very kind to him, often sitting by his side and reading to him, instead of going to play with other boys. Sometimes he would bring flowers from the garden and place them in a little glass by the bed, that he might have something pretty to look at; but he never spoke a word about the birds' nest, feeling that the poor little fellow had brought quite suffering enough upon himself for his fault. At last Harry got quite well. During his illness he had thought a great deal of what Willy had said to him, and resolved to mind his advice for the future. He became a kind little boy, and he and Willy were better friends than ever.

THE SILLY LITTLE LAMB.

A LITTLE lamb, one summer day,
Tired with its frolic and its play,
Came, when it heard its mother bleat,
And laid down gently at her feet.

“Mama,” she said, “I don’t know why”—
And here she stopped and gave a sigh—
“I in this field must always stay,
And see no change, from day to day.”

“The grass is fresh and soft, I know;
I’ve shelter when the cold winds blow;
And I have friends with me to play;
But still I long to run away.”

Mama replied, “Indeed, my dear,
It grieves me your complaint to hear:
In this nice field you’re safe and free,
And very happy ought to be,

“Instead of fretting for a change,
And wishing for a wider range.
Let me no more such folly hear;
It makes me very sad, my dear.”

The little lamb no answer made;
She thought on what her mother said;
But still a strong desire had she,
What was beyond the field to see.

One day she spied the open gate;
Her curiosity was great;
She trotted out into the street,—
A quick and painful end to meet.

A savage dog was prowling there,
And e'en before she was aware,
He griped her hard, and held her fast,
Tearing her flesh—until at last

She sank down, in the road to die,
Without a friend to help her nigh,
Wishing herself, alas in vain !
Close to her dear mama again.

THE TWO DOGS.

A TRUE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN who lived in the country had two dogs, one called "Gold"—a funny name for a dog, is it not?—but the colour of his coat was almost yellow, and this was why he was named Gold. "Flora" was the other dog. She was small, and covered with long white hair. She was a gentle, timid creature, and always showed great fear of Gold, who was ill-natured and fierce. Poor little Flora would run away if he came near while she was eating her dinner, and would even let him take the bones and meat from her plate. But although she was fearful

for herself, she could be courageous for others, as you will hear. In time Flora had some little puppies, of which she was very fond; and one day, when they were only a few weeks old, as she was kissing and playing with them in her comfortable bed in the stable (Gold happened to be there also), one of the children, named Mary, came in with some milk in a basin for Flora. No sooner, however, had she put the basin on the ground, than Gold gave a fierce growl, rushed upon the child, with his mouth wide open, showing his large sharp teeth, and, seizing her frock, tore a large hole in it. What harm he might have done to little Mary we do not know, for at this moment up jumped Flora; leaving her puppies to take care of themselves, she flew upon Gold, and bit him so hard, that he squeaked and scampered out of the stable as fast as he could run, with his tail between his legs, like a coward as he was. It was now for him to be afraid of Flora! He never ventured to take away her food any more, and she ate her dinner in peace. Bad-tempered dogs are not liked better than bad-tempered boys and girls; but dogs do not know better than to give way to their passions; therefore in **THEM** it is not wrong. Little children are taught what is right and wrong, and it is very sad to see them ill-natured and cross.

TO A BIRD FOUND IN A ROOM.

I WILL not hurt you, pretty bird ;
 I love to hear you sing,
 And see you hop about the trees,
 You pretty little thing !

I only take you in my hand,
 Lest pussy should be near ;
 For she would spy you out at once,
 And eat you up, I fear.

The window I will open quick,
 And watch you as you fly,
 To gain once more your little nest ;
 Good bye, sweet bird, good bye !

THE BAT.

ONE hot summer afternoon, as a number of children were saying their lessons in the village school-room, something flew in through one of the open windows, and fixed itself against the

wall. The little ones all rose in an instant, and rushed to the spot, but it was beyond the reach of any of them. They had never seen such a creature, and it set them all guessing what it could be. Some said it was "a bird with a mouse's skin;" others, that it was "a mouse with wings;" and there was such a chattering and noise among the children, that it was some time before the master could obtain silence. At length he secured the creature by getting on to a high stool. He then put it under a glass shade, that all might be able to see it; and when all were quiet, he said to the children, "Put away your books, and listen to what I have to tell about this curious little animal, which is neither a bird nor a mouse, although it resembles both. This poor little frightened thing, which has puzzled you so much is called a 'Bat,' or 'Flitter Mouse,' from its habit of flitting about in the twilight, when one can scarcely see whether it is a bird or a mouse, or what it is. I am surprised that it should have made its appearance here, at this time of the day, for bats are very rarely seen excepting in an evening. Their eyes are not formed to bear a strong light, and it is after the sun has set that they come out of their hiding-places to seek their food, such as flies and other insects. Look at its wings, which you perceive are not like those of a bird, although they serve the same purpose, and enable it to fly. They have no feathers on them, but consist

of a thin, strong skin or membrane, easily folded up when not in use ; and if you observe closely, you will see a small sharp hook on the top of each, with which the little creature fixes itself to its resting-place, a wall or a beam of wood. On its body, too, there are no feathers ; but see, with what a soft kind of fur it is covered, very like that of a mouse ! What pretty thin round ears it has !—and its eyes too (if it would open them) you would find to be very bright, though small ; and it has very sharp tiny teeth ; but it eats slowly, and is a long time in devouring a good-sized fly ! It lives in the holes of walls, among ruins, in barns, and deserted houses. Hanging with its head downwards is its usual position ; but it can be changed, as you have seen, by means of the hook in its wings. We should think living in dull old houses and among ruins anything but pleasant. God, however, who made the bat as well as us, made it to like dark places, and to be as happy in them as we are in our cheerful houses. We will take care of this little animal, and put it away in a box until the evening, and then we will let it go, that it may find its way home, which I do not think it could do now, in this bright sunshine.”

ANIMALS DESERVE KINDNESS.

Look at the cow, with her gentle eyes,
Who with nice milk our table supplies;
See, with her tail how she sweeps off the flies !
Treat her kindly and well.

Look at the horse, with his noble power,
How he drags the plough from hour to hour,
Preparing the earth for seed and flower !

Treat him kindly and well.

Look at the sheep, with her fleece so white ;
It makes the blanket spread o'er you at night,
When snug in your bed you lie tucked up tight !

Treat her kindly and well.

Look at the donkey, with ears so long ;
He is hardy, and patient, and useful, and strong ;
What a load he will draw as he joggles along !

Treat him kindly and well.

We need them all, and should let them see
How mindful and grateful we can be,
And should ever treat them patiently,
And kindly and well.



A TRUE STORY OF A SPARROW.

Now, my dear children, I am going to tell you a true story about what happened to a little sparrow, at a house where I was staying, in the country. One morning in the early spring, a cat was seen creeping along by the side of the garden wall with something in her mouth. Two little girls who were playing near the window of the room in which I was sitting, both called to me, saying, "Do look at what pussy has got!" I went at once to see what it was, and found, to my surprise, it was a poor little sparrow, so very young, that it had no feathers to cover it. The noise we made in opening the window caused pussy to drop it, and we found it lying so still that we all thought it was dead. One of the children, whose name was Sarah, asked her mama if she might have it. Her mama said, "Yes;" and off ran the little girl for a basket and a piece of flannel in which she wrapped the bird, and placed the poor thing near the fire to keep it warm. Sarah sat watching the flannel for a long time, but it did not move. At length she thought she heard a faint chirp, and she ventured to peep into the basket, when she was very glad to see the sparrow open its beak, as if it wanted food. Its little round eyes were open too. Sarah clapped her hands with delight, and said, "It is alive! it is alive!" She ran into the kitchen, and asked the cook to boil an egg quite

hard; and when this was done, she chopped it up very small indeed, and put a little of it into the bird's mouth, which it swallowed at once, and opened its beak for more, as wide as it could. When it had eaten enough, she covered it over carefully again, and at night took the basket into her bed-room. Very early the next morning she heard the "chirp, chirp" again. So she gave the bird more egg; and this she did for many days, till little "Cherry," as she called him, began to get strong, and his feathers grew and covered him. Then Sarah thought she would take him out of the basket, and let him sit on her lap. Cherry liked this very much, and he grew stronger and stronger, and in time he began to use his wings. He would fly about the house, perching sometimes on Sarah's head, and sometimes on her shoulder. He always slept in her room, and now and then he would wake her in the morning by pecking her lips! And now and then he would creep into her bed, and nestle close to her. Of course Sarah was very fond of little Cherry. One fine day she took the basket out on to the lawn in the garden, and having removed the flannel, she sat down on a bench close by, and waited to see what the little fellow would do. He fluttered about a little while, and then, spreading his wings, flew on to a tree a short distance off. Sarah heard him twitter, and saw him hop from spray to spray, looking very happy all the time. When she thought he had been in the tree

long enough, she called "Cherry, Cherry," and he came flying down to her. She put him back into the basket again, and carried him to the house. Sometimes, in warm weather, she would open the window, and let him go for a long time; but he always returned when she called him, till one day he had been out as usual, and although she called "Cherry, Cherry," many times, he did not come back. Poor Sarah was very unhappy at this, as she thought she should never see her little pet again. To her surprise, however, as she was going to bed, thinking of poor Cherry, she heard a little "tap, tap" at the window, and on opening it, in flew little birdy, seeming almost as pleased to see Sarah, as Sarah was to see him. She kissed him, and told him he must never keep so long away any more. But he did not mind what she said, as a few days after this he flew away again, and did not come back that night, nor the next, nor the next, nor for many days. And when at last he did return, he was not alone. He had found a friend in another little sparrow, and brought it with him to eat the crumbs of bread he knew Sarah always threw into the garden for him. He had become shy, and would not let the little girl catch him. This made her feel very sorry at first; but when her mama told her, that, kind as she had been to him, he liked better to be with little birds than with little girls, Sarah was willing that her favourite should go away.

THE PLAYFUL KITTEN.

WHAT, little kitten, still at play ?
Can you do nothing all the day
But run to catch that piece of string,
Or round and round your own tail spring ?

See how she lightly jumps aside,
As if she wished the string to hide ;
Then forward darts, and gently paws
The plaything with her tender claws.

See, now she runs away, and then
Comes leaping lightly back again,
With arching back and earnest eyes,
As if the string was a surprise !

Kitty, 'tis right and good that you
Should frisk and gambol the day through ;
It makes you strong, and keeps you gay,
And fits you for that future day

When you will have to clear the house
From every hole of rat or mouse :
Play on, then, kitty, since 'tis right
That you should play from morn to night !

THE TADPOLES.

“COME down to the pond with me, my dear little Fanny, and I will show you what is now to be seen in it.” So Fanny, in high glee, put on her hat, and taking her mama’s hand, she ran by her side down the gravel walk, past the bee-house, and through the gate leading into the field. When there, she scampered on towards the pond as fast as she could run; but she did not go close to it till her mama came up to her, for she had been told not to do so. When she peeped into the water, she cried out, “Oh, mama, what a number of little round things are playing about! They have no legs and no head—only a body and a little tail. Are they fish?” “No, my dear, they are not fish; they are called ‘tadpoles.’ And you will be surprised to hear that these small, happy-looking creatures in a few weeks will change into tiny frogs. You know what a frog is? You caught one in your hand last summer, and said how cold it felt, and what pretty eyes it had.” “Will they be frogs to-morrow, mama?” said little Fanny. “No, my dear child, not for many to-morrows: I told you in a few weeks. But we will come here again in a day or two, and then I think we shall see a little leg peep out on each side of the tail; and in a few days more, two other little legs, near the other end of the body; in

a few days more, the tiny head and pretty eyes will be seen ; and, at last, the tail will drop off, and a number of perfect, lively frogs will be here, instead of the tadpoles.” “ But where will the tadpoles be, mama ?” “ All that I can tell you about them, my dear, is, that after living very happily in this pond as long as God, who made them, knew to be good for them, He changed them into little frogs, in the way I have been telling you. Frogs can hop on the ground, as well as swim in the water, which tadpoles cannot do.”

THE FARM-YARD AT EVENING.

THE sun has sunk down in the west,
And all things are taking their rest ;

The honey-bee, laden, comes home to its hive,
And the bird flies away to its nest.

We see afar, down in the road,
The horses, relieved of their load,
Drag quietly home the cart from the field
To the yard of the farmer’s abode.

And the cows, one by one, at the call
Of the milkman, are placed in the stall,
Where nice fresh straw is laid down for their bed,
And they rest there quietly all.

The pigs, and the ducks, and the geese,
Their noise and their cackling cease ;
The chickens no longer are scratching about ;
The farm-yard is still, and in peace.

The owl and the bat, who all day
In silence and darkness lay,
Now open their eyes to seek their food,
And out of their holes fly away.

The nightingale, too, with her song,
Sweet music makes all night long,
And the stars shine out from the sky above,
And the moon glides silently on.

There's an Eye over all, that ne'er sleeps,
But a faithful watch ever keeps,
When the hurry and stir of the day begins,
And when slumber over us creeps.

Then let each one safely rest,
Since God, the Wisest, the Best,
Will never forsake the things He has made—
Rest, all weary creatures, rest!

LITTLE JANE.

LITTLE JANE lived in a small cottage with her father and mother. They were very poor, and had to work very hard for their living. They did not mind hard work; but the father was often ill, and could do nothing for weeks together; and when this happened, they had scarcely bread to eat. On the little patch of ground in front of the cottage grew a few potatoes, and on these they often made their dinner; meat they very seldom tasted. Jane was very young, and she could not do much to help her parents; but she would dust the little room, make the bed, wash up their few plates and tea-things, run up stairs for her mother, or carry a message to a neighbour; and all this was being useful. Happily for her, her father and mother could both read and write; and in the long winter evenings they taught little Jane to do so too. In the summer, when the day's work was done, Jane might be seen sitting on a

LITTLE JANE



TOMMY



bench outside the cottage-door, reading aloud, while her mother mended the clothes for the family. Sometimes she was found with her needle and thread, sewing also. In this way, one, two, three, four years passed away, and Jane was now twelve years old. She began to think whether she could not gain a little money herself, and so help her parents still more. One day, without saying anything to them, she went into the village, not far off, to a shop, where she had seen little frocks and pinafores in the window, and asked if there was any needlework to be done. "Oh yes," said Mrs. Wilson (to whom the shop belonged), "there is plenty to be done, but I fear you are too young to do it neatly." Little Jane hung down her head, and gently answered, "If you will be so kind as to try me once, I will do my best to please you." Mrs. Wilson liked the manner in which the child spoke, so she put some pinafores into a piece of paper and gave them to her, saying, "Well, my little girl, I am willing to give you a trial." So little Jane tripped merrily home, carrying the parcel under her arm, to the great surprise of her father and mother. When she had taken off her hat and shawl, washed her hands, put on a clean apron, and taken her work-box out of the drawer where she always put it tidily away when she had done with it, she sat down to a table by the window, and began her sewing. In a few days the pinafores were made,

and she set off again to Mrs. Wilson's, fearful (though she had done her best) lest the work should not be thought neat enough. What was her joy when, after looking at it, Mrs. Wilson said, "You have taken great pains, I am sure, my child, to do this work well; I am pleased with it, and I shall be very glad to give you more to do, and to be a friend to so good and industrious a little girl." Jane earned money enough soon to buy herself a pair of shoes, which she much wanted, and many other things; and in this way, you see, she did help her parents very much, and made them very happy, though she was but a little girl. All little children may make their parents happy by being good and obedient, even though they are not obliged to work like little Jane.

TOMMY PLAYS TRUANT.

LITTLE Tommy, one day,
When to school on his way,
Passed a field where some pretty flowers grew;
He jumped over the stile,
And said, with a smile,
"I will gather a handful or two."

“ It cannot be wrong,
For I shall not be long,
And then I will run very fast.”
But when once in the field,
Such delight did it yield,
He stayed till the school-time was past.

With a very sad face,
And in utter disgrace,
He returned to his own cottage door.
He said, “ Mother, forgive,
And as long as I live,
I promise to do so no more.”

When she heard him say this,
She gave him a kiss,
And forgave him the fault he confessed ;
And now Tommy each day
To his school trots away,
A good little boy, like the rest.

THE CHRYSALIS.

“O MAMA, do look at this funny thing,” said little Sophy, carrying something very carefully in her hand as she walked along. “I found it sticking on the wall, and as I picked it off it moved. I wonder what it is!” “There is much to tell you, my dear little girl, about this ‘funny thing,’ as you call it. And first you must know that in this brown case, which looks not unlike a piece of stick, is a living creature called a ‘chrysalis’—a very hard word for you to remember, is it not? Well, this little creature came first of all from a tiny egg, laid by a beautiful butterfly, like that you saw on the rose-tree in the garden one day last summer. But when it came out of the egg, it was not yet a butterfly, but a caterpillar, with a number of little legs on each side of its body, and with pretty coloured spots upon its skin. All the summer it was enjoying itself with other caterpillars, eating the green leaves of fruit trees and vegetables, which are its natural food. When the cold weather came, however, the little creature did not want to eat any more; so it made itself this snug little home, and, wrapped up within it, felt neither hunger nor cold. But this is not all. When the bright spring days come again, the little prisoner will quit this brown case—and guess what it will be then? You cannot. Well,

listen, and I will tell you. Instead of a caterpillar, you will see a lovely butterfly, with beautiful spotted wings; and it will fly about the garden, and up into the blue sky, as happy as it was when a caterpillar. Sophy knows who made all the creatures that live, both great and small; that He is God; that He loves and cares for all; and He is so good, that it would grieve Him to see us hurt any living thing. We will now put the chrysalis away, very gently, in a safe place, so that the pretty butterfly may burst forth, when the time for it to do so is come."

THE LITTLE DORMOUSE THAT LEFT ITS CAGE, AND WAS FOUND DEAD.

Why, my pretty dormouse,
Did you leave your snug house,
Through unexplored regions to roam ?
Or what could you crave,
That you did not have
In your own little undisturbed home ?

Not a morning went by,
But I brought your supply
Of nuts, and of apples a store ;

You had nice milk and bread,
And a soft little bed:
Oh! what could a mousey want more?

But all would not do;
So you squeezed yourself through
The bars of your cage, and got out;
And then scampered away;
While I, day after day,
To find you, was seeking about!

At length, 'twas one night,
I went with a light
To look for you under the bed,
When what should I see,
Lying stiff as could be,
But my poor little mousey quite dead!

If content you had been,
You yet might have seen
Many seasons in comfort return;
Nor should I, now too late,
Have to grieve o'er your fate,
And the loss of my favourite mourn.

THE WALK IN THE WOOD.

“I AM going to take a walk in the wood this afternoon,” said mama to her children, one fine autumn day. “Who would like to go with me?” “I should—I should!” cried two or three little voices. “Run up stairs, then, and ask nurse to put on your hats and cloaks, and come down as quickly as you can.” In a short time they were ready, and away they went. The road to the wood lay first through a beautiful lane, where, although it was getting late in the season, a few blackberries were still to be found in the hedges, and these, you may be sure, did not escape the eyes of the children. Those within reach were gathered, with their mama’s help, and off they all ran to a stile at some distance, where they sat down to eat them, and to wait till their mama came up. This stile led into a corn-field ; but the corn had been reaped, and gathered into the barn ; so they might run over any part of it. The little boys, Johnny and Charley, did not mind the stiff stalks of straw which remained on the ground, and scampered about the field after each other, like two dogs at play ; but the little girls, Mary and Lucy, found that they pricked their legs ; so they walked by the side of their mama till they came to the beginning of the wood, when their brothers came running back to them, and

they all went into it together. The trees were just beginning to lose their bright green look, and a slight tint of brown might be seen upon most of them ; but only a few leaves had fallen. The nuts were still to be found, growing in pretty clusters on the hazel, and the children picked a basket-full of them ; but these they took home to eat, as their mama told them it would hurt their teeth to use them in cracking nuts. They soon came to a thick grove of firs, and here they were delighted by seeing a number of squirrels running up the trees, leaping from bough to bough, some with nuts in their paws, which they were eating high up among the branches. Squirrels' teeth were made to crack nuts with, so we may call them natural nutcrackers ! When they got into the more open parts of the wood, they saw little rabbits peep out from their holes, or burrows, as they are called, and some of their pretty little white tails might be seen every now and then popping up and down among the fern-leaves. The birds still sang, and in the more distant parts of the wood they could hear the notes of the ring-dove and the wood-pigeon. They also came across many curious insects, some humming around them, with shining wings, others creeping about at their feet. They stopped for a long time to watch some ants dragging to their nests seeds and grains that were bigger than themselves. Many of these creatures were new to



the children, and pleased them so much, that I do not know when they would have thought of going home, if their mama had not said, "My dear little boys and girls, it is getting late, and before we go back, I wish you to come with me to a nice shady place not far off, where we shall find seats on a piece of grass, under a large oak-tree, and here we can rest for a little while, as I fancy we shall all be glad to do." When they got to the tree they sat down; but scarcely had they done so when Johnny called out, "Oh! mama, what is this lying close to me? It is soft, like a bird's nest, only it is as round as a ball, and I cannot see any hole in it for the bird to fly in and out at." His mama took it gently in her hand, but she could not tell Johnny what it was, as she had never seen anything quite like it before, but she thought it must be the home of some little animal. Very softly she pulled it open, and what should jump out but a pretty little dormouse! In an instant it ran up the tree under which they were sitting, leaving in its nest—for nest it was, though made by a mouse—four tiny young ones. The children were so pleased at the sight of these wee mice, that they wanted to take them home; but their mama said, "No, my dears; the poor little creatures would surely die. I will shew you what to do with the nest." And she closed it up again, and putting it on the grass very near, said, "We will go and sit a little further

off, where the old mouse cannot see us, and where we can see what she will do." In a few minutes they perceived the dormouse come down the tree, and run sniffing about to find her nest: this she was not long in doing. During this time the children were as quiet as mice themselves, so eager were they to see what she would do next. Presently, to their surprise, the mama mouse curled herself up in her little home, and they saw her no more; and as it was time for them to go home too, they all rose and walked by their mama, talking all the way about the number of pretty, happy creatures they had seen that afternoon, and listening to what their mama told them about God, who made them all, and gave to each its proper place to live in, and its proper food to eat; and when they went to their own snug beds at night, I dare say they thought of all the animals sleeping in that silent wood, and perhaps of the little dormouse more than any. Dormice do not make their nests on the bare grass, but in the hollows of trees and among bushes. Most likely the little one that Johnny found had been blown by the wind to the place where he picked it up.

GRANDMAMA'S PRESENT.

COME, sister—come, brother,
And sit down by me;
I'll open this basket,
And then we shall see
What's in it. They all exclaim,
“What can it be!”

Jane lifted the lid,
And some paper took out;
What next came to light
Made them all jump about
With delight, and surprise,
And with many a shout.

From the basket they drew
Such beautiful toys!
There were dolls for the girls,
And tops for the boys;
And horses, and drums,
And cakes with plums.

Right happy were they,
As they sat down to play
With their pretty new toys,
Like good girls and good boys;
So kind to each other
Were sister and brother.

As children should be;
And let them all try,
When they feel they should like
To be silly and cry,
To remember that Grandmama
Only sends toys
To those she believes to be
Good girls and boys.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CHILD.

I AM going to tell my dear little girls a story about a little boy who went to what is called a "Ragged School." A Ragged School is a place where the children of very poor people go to learn to read and write, and to do other lessons. I am sorry to

GRANDMAMA'S



PRESENT.

say there are persons who cannot even give a penny a week to have their little ones taught; and some ladies and gentlemen, knowing this, pay a man, called a master, to teach these children. Some of them come to school in ragged clothes, and so it is called a Ragged School. I know a gentleman who often goes to see what the children are learning, and if the master is taking care of them, and this gentleman told me the story I am about to tell you. One morning, when all the boys and girls had come as usual, two strange children entered the room, one of them leading the other. We will call them Edwin and James. When they came up to the master, and he asked where they lived, Edwin answered as any other child would have done; but when James was asked where he lived, he looked as if he did not know what was said to him, and did not speak. The master was vexed at his silence, and in an angry voice said, "Why do you not speak when you are spoken to?" James could see that he was angry, and his eyes filled with tears, but still he said nothing. Edwin then told the master that he had never heard the little boy speak, and thought that he was deaf and dumb, which means that he could neither hear, being deaf, nor speak, being dumb. The master was then very gentle with James, and every one in the school felt very sorry for the poor little fellow. All that Edwin knew about him was this. They met

in the street, as he was coming to school, and as James seemed willing to walk with him, they both came together. When the children began to say their lessons, of course poor little James could only look about him, and wonder at what was going on ; but when the master put pictures of things against the wall, he was delighted, as he knew a great many of them. If he saw a broom, he would pretend to sweep the ground ; if he saw a cup, he would pretend to drink out of it ; if he saw a spade, he would pretend to dig ; and so on. This pleased him very much, and made all the little boys and girls laugh. He came every day after this with Edwin, and as he took great notice of what he saw at school, he found that he knew more and more each time, and was never so happy as when there. Edwin was his kind friend, and took such care of him, helping to put on his coat and cap when lessons were over, and making signs that it was time to go home. At Christmas, the kind ladies and gentlemen who paid the master gave all the children a treat. They met in the school-room, where nice plum cake and tea were given to each boy and girl. Tables were spread with toys and presents, and a large tree was placed in the middle of the room, covered with oranges, and every child had one. There was music too, and all were as merry as they could be—even little James, who was led by his friend Edwin round the tables to

look at the pretty things ; and this was very good-natured and kind in Edwin, as he could make the poor boy understand better than the others the meaning and use of all he saw. The master at last did find out where James lived. The poor boy had no father nor mother, and no brother nor sister ; but he had an old grandmother who took care of him. She was very poor, and sometimes had not food enough to eat, so I am afraid the child was often very hungry. When the kind gentleman heard this, he said he would try and get the little fellow into a nice place, where deaf and dumb children are taught, by signs, to read and write, and do many other things, and where they have warm clothes, and plenty of good food, and are made very happy. Some day, perhaps, I shall go and see James at this nice place.

EMMA DID NOT LIKE TO BE WASHED.

WHY does my little Emma cry,
And into naughty passions fly,
Because nurse combs her hair,
And washes clean her face and hands ?
My little girl quite understands
That these things she must bear.

For such a dirty face as this
Not any one will like to kiss,
Nor any like to see.

It hurts poor nurse, who loves her so ;
Then let my little Emma show
How good she means to be !

There, now the little face is clear ;
And pretty smiles again appear ;
The silly tears are o'er.

Kiss nurse, and say you hope, my dear,
That she will not be pained to hear
Such noises any more.

STORY OF MURILLO'S PICTURE, "BOY SELLING FRUIT."

I KNOW Lucy likes to look at this picture. It is a copy of one, painted a great many years ago, by a man of the name of "Murillo." Lucy will see more of his pictures, and know more about him when she is older. I will try and make a little story about it for Lucy to read. This little boy was named "Carlo," and he lived in a cottage, with a nice garden belonging to it,

in a country a long way off, called "Spain." In this garden grew grapes, melons, oranges, and many kinds of fruit which are only to be seen in hot-houses, covered with glass, in England, where Lucy lives, because they require a very warm sun to ripen them out of doors. And England is not a very warm country. Well, this little boy was the only child his father and mother had. He was very fond of working in the garden, and of helping to keep it free from weeds and in good order. When the fruit was ready to eat, he would get up very early in the morning, take a great basket, fill it with peaches, melons, oranges and grapes, and set off with them to the market (a market is a place where people meet to buy and sell), and there he would sit patiently for hours, till he had got rid of them all. The walk was a long one, and he was often very hot and tired, and every now and then he would stop to rest himself. The large stone you see in the picture was a favourite place to sit on. One day, as he was resting here as usual, a very nice little girl came up to him, seeing the fruit in his basket, and said, "Are you going to eat all these beautiful grapes?" "Oh, no, my little lady," he answered; "they are not mine; they came out of my father's and mother's garden. I am on my way to the market, to try and sell them, and then I shall take the money home, for my parents are very poor, and have to work very hard to keep

themselves and me." Maria—this was the name of the little girl—then said, "I am so glad that I came this way, for my papa and mama live close by, in a great house. They have plenty of money, and will buy all your fruit. But show me what you have in your basket besides grapes." So Carlo took out some peaches, melons, and oranges, and put them on the ground, saying, "Look, there they are!" Maria was delighted, and putting her hand into her pocket, she pulled out a silver coin, or piece of money, and placed it in Carlo's hand. She said, "I will give you this money if you will carry the basket up the hill to my papa's house." Poor little Carlo smiled and said, "Yes, little lady, that I will." He thought no more of being tired; indeed he scarcely felt the weight of the basket now, he was so pleased. The lady and gentleman spoke very kindly to him, bought all his fruit, as Maria told him they would do, and told him he need never again go so far as the market, as they would always buy whatever he might have to sell. You may fancy how happy little Carlo was, and how fast he went home with his empty basket and his full pocket, and how welcome he was when he got there! I suppose Murillo saw the children as they talked together by the road-side, and thought he could make a pretty picture of them. And little Lucy thinks he has done so—does she not?

OUR LITTLE DOG "BEN."

Now grandpapa puts on his hat,

And little Ben is glad of that;

 You see it in his eye.

Look, how he wags his tail! and hark,

How clear and joyous is his bark!

 And need I tell you why?

He knows the time is come when he

May scamper with his master free

 Through wood and meadow gay,

Or on the breezy common race,

Then off again, the birds to chase,

 Across the fields away.

But little Ben is fond and true;

He guards the house when I and you

 And all are sleeping sound:

With half-shut eyes and listening ears,

He starts at every sound he hears,

 So faithful is he found.

Then let us by our kindness prove

That we our little doggy love,

 And gladly will we give

Him food and shelter—all, indeed,
To make him happy he may need,
As long as he shall live!

OLD ROBIN.

OLD Robin sat at his cottage door,
And Robin was feeble, and blind, and poor ;
But he was not idle—as none need be ;
He is making a net for the men at sea.

For Robin, when young, was a sailor boy ;
To Robin the sea was ever a joy ;
He was honest, and bold, and brave, and true,
Beloved by his captain, beloved by the crew.

On board his ship, when his work was done,
There was none like Robin for laughter and fun :
He told a good tale, and he sang a good song ;
Thus he cheered the lads as they went along.

And even now, though he's old and poor,
And blind—as he sits at his cottage door,
He loves to talk of his wanderings past,
And is cheerful and happy, and loved to the last !

OLD



ROBIN

THE SPOILED CHILD.

LITTLE Patty was a spoiled child; but perhaps you do not know what this means. It means, a child who has been made to think too much of itself, and too little of others, by having had all its own little wishes granted. Poor little Patty had the misfortune to lose both her parents when she was very young, and she had neither brother nor sister; and soon after her papa and mama died, she was taken under the care of a grandmother, who, though very fond of her grandchild, was too much disposed to indulge and humour her little faults, instead of teaching her how to get rid of them, and this made her fretful and disagreeable. At length, when she was about seven years old, her grandmama died also, and then indeed the little girl did feel very sad. No one seemed to care for her now, or to pay any attention to her fits of passion and screaming. In the course of a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, old friends of the family, took Patty to live with them. They had a nice large house in the country, with a fine garden, filled with fruit and flowers. The house had a great many young people in it, as Mr. and Mrs. Benson kept a school for little girls. Patty was delighted at the thought of being in a new place and among a number of playfellows; but, poor child, she did not find herself very happy

even here; for she had been made so selfish and thoughtless by over-indulgence, that she made no friends among the young folks. Most happy was it for her that Mrs. Benson was wiser than to spoil her, as her poor grandmother had done. She really loved the child, and wished to make her good, knowing that unless she was so, she could not be really happy: but it was a long time before she succeeded in breaking poor little Patty of her naughty tricks. At last, however, Mrs. Benson began to see, to her sincere pleasure, that Patty felt stronger, and better able to check any naughty feeling when it came upon her. One great fault she still had, and this was greediness. When anything nice was given her, instead of offering any one a piece of it, she would run with it to a dark corner at the bottom of a staircase, and eat it by herself. One day, when she was sitting in her "greedy corner," one of the children happened to come down the stairs, and not seeing Patty, she trod upon her hand. This made Patty cry and scream, and the little girl was frightened at what she had done; but when the door at the bottom of the stairs was opened, and she saw Patty there, she said, "Oh, it is only the greedy girl!" and did not wait, as she should have done, to say she was sorry for having hurt her. This shows how very little Patty was cared for by her companions, and she felt it so much, that she set about in earnest to try and cure herself

of her failings. With them all, she had a kind heart, as you will hear. Just before the children went home for the holidays, they always had a treat of a kind they greatly enjoyed. One evening was given up to games, dancing, and fun of all kinds. There were such roars of laughter, such scampering about the school-room, and, what the little ones thought very much of, such a number of good things for supper—cakes and fruit in abundance! A short time before this merry-making took place, one of the little girls, named Mary King, fell down and hurt herself so much, that she was obliged to be in bed for many days. It was a sad disappointment to the poor little child that she could not join in the fun, and everybody was very sorry for her. She could hear the shouts of joy and laughter, and this made her feel very sorrowful. In the midst of it all, during a game at hide-and-seek, Patty contrived to slip away, run up into Mary's room, and there she spent the rest of the evening in trying to amuse and make her happy. When Mrs. Benson came in with little Mary's supper, she was both surprised and pleased to find Patty there, and to hear Mary say, "Oh! Mrs. Benson, is not Patty kind? She left all the fun to come and sit with me, because she says she knows what it is to be unhappy when everybody else is gay." Mrs. Benson threw her arms round Patty's neck, and kissing her fondly, said, "You are indeed a

kind little girl now, Patty, and you will no longer feel dull and unhappy ;" and from this moment every one, seeing that she really was trying to be good, gave her a little help. One would say, " We love you now, Patty ;" another, " Why Patty is not like the same child ;" another, " I am making this pretty thing for Patty ;" and the little girl who trod upon her in the dark said, " I should be very sorry to hurt you now, Patty." Mary King of course was very fond of her, and instead of being neglected and disliked by every one, she found that she was a favourite with all. Then indeed she knew that the trouble and sorrow she had suffered for so long a time was caused by the folly of over-indulgence by her grandmother when she was very young.

A CHILD'S SONG IN HAY-TIME.

COME, sisters, let us play,
And toss about the hay,
For it is a sunny day
Down in the meadow.

Men and women there we see
Each as busy as a bee:
Hark ! they sing in merry glee
Down in the meadow.

Let us go and run about
Through the haycocks, in and out:
We will join the cheerful shout
Down in the meadow.

We will try and help them too,
Though 'tis little we can do:
Then let us haste, both I and you,
Down to the meadow !

FLOWERS.

GARDEN flowers ! garden flowers !
 Sprinkled o'er our beds and bowers,
 Making glad our every sense
 With your rich magnificence !

Wild flowers ! wild flowers !
 Lighting up this earth of ours,
 O'er desert moor and lonely dell,
 Where your fairy blossoms dwell !

Sea flowers ! sea flowers !
 Nursed by stormy winds and showers ;
 You have beauties all your own,
 Springing up through sand and stone !

Power divine ! Power divine !
 How brightly doth thy goodness shine,
 In decking thus the paths we tread,
 And all with rich profusion spread !
 Let garden, field, and lonely shore,
 Praise thy great Name for evermore !

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